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MYSTERY OF THE WEST

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE

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Mystery of the West

By

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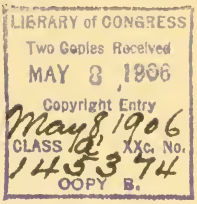

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FOREWORD

What time I hear the storming sea,
Blood of my ancestor stirs in me;
The quiet stream awakes from sleep,
And I long to beard the tawny deep.

I meet the rushing wind's embrace,
I feel the sea-foam on my face,
I ride at will on the hissing wave,
And the wrath of bellowing ocean brave.

I wrestle alone with the terrible gale,
And in its teeth triumphant sail;
Or fly before the driving blast,
And laugh at the gulls, as I hurtle past.

Thrustararorum was his name,
The brave old fisher from whom I came!

From cold Newfoundland fogs he sailed
In his fishing boat, nor ever quailed
When fierce Atlantic's waking wrath
Piled mountain billows in his path.

The ghostly iceberg-wraith he cleared,
Though it crowded him close, like a phantom weird;
For a valiant sailorman was he,
And he scorned the dangers of the sea.

His sturdy arm ruled sure the helm;
No wild nor'east could his soul o'erwhelm;
He knew the pathways of the sea,
And loved his life of liberty.

For sun-kissed Manisses he steered,
Nor loud Point Judith's anger feared,
And he built him there an island home
Where the mackerel swarm and the sword-fish roam.

Thrustararorum was his name,
The brave old fisher from whom I came!

Afar the cliffs o'er the ocean loom,
Afar the thundering breakers boom;
The pastures lie in the golden light,
And the heart of the islander leaps at the sight.

There he taught the people fisher-lore —
Neptune afloat, Solon ashore,
Lived he and labored on Manisses fair,
Where the pond-lily breathes on the balmy air.

With brawny arm he hauled the net,
And I see in my hands the mark of it yet;
One of earth's toilers, strong and free,
He left me his love of liberty.

Thrustararorum was his name,
The brave old fisher from whom I came!

As I sing it now I seem to hear
The voice of ocean loud in my ear,
The rush and roll of the breaker's roar,
The lofty song of his island shore.

Thrustararorum was his name,
The brave old fisher from whom I came!

And when I tire of the tedious round,
I put out for the ancient fishing ground;
I and my ancestor fishing go,
Where the billows dance and the salt winds blow.

And the floods and the sky their welcome give,
And I feel what a joy it is to live,
And my soul escapes like a bird at the sound
Of our rippling bow —
As into the ocean's arms we bound!

Thrustararorum was his name,
The brave old fisher from whom I came!

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To sea-lords, strong of soul,
Who sought the dreamed-of goal
Where, wrapped in mystery deep,
Far realms of wonder sleep;
To the heroic dead,
Who for great Freedom bled,
Or worshipped at her shrine
And kept the flame divine;
To all who in our day,
Rejoicing, own her sway,
As purer glows the light
Athwart the lingering night;
To those who faithful stand
Throughout this seething land,
From wrong to guard the state—
My song I dedicate.

Mystery of the West

Read before the Delta Chapter of Massachusetts Phi Beta Kappa

Mystery of the West

POLAR NIGHT

Vast looms the night,
Vast springs the steel-blue dome, star-pierced, from rim to rim of horizon;
Infinite flashes the world-spanning arch, with majestical sweep, ice-floored, paved all with terror;
Cold, cold, relentless, eternal.
Vast sleeps the silence unbroken,
Save by the far distant shriek of the polar bear's victim;
Save by titanic convulsion of ice rent asunder —
Mighty pulsation and throe of the gloom!

LEIF ERIKSSON

" Out of this icy north,
O Dragon-ship, sail forth;
Flee, flee this world of snow,
Where the fiery north-lights glow;
Haste thee, brave keel, away;
I seek a fairer day!

" By the hammer of Thor, I will come again
In my valiant boat with my sea-scarred men,
Back in triumph to Brattalihd.
And here in the midst of the wassail-hall —
Hero of jarl and maiden and thrall —
Tales of far-away shores will I tell
Till your hearts with envy and longing swell.

" Then shall clash full mead-horns, the fire logs roar,
And the glare of the flames leap on rafter and floor,
While the skalds with their sagas my prowess sing,
And fierce, long cries of the Vikings ring."

"O Leif, great Erik's son, beware the ocean's wrath!"

"What care I for thy fears of the dread sea-god's path?
I fear not Maelström, nay, nor iceberg's crash,
Nor tempests wild that fuming billows lash.
Fare forth, O ship, for I would fain be gone;
The winter dies, behold the breaking dawn!
The summer-land I seek, where the wild grape scents the air;
Up sail, for I would found me Norembega fair!"

BUDDING OF YGDRASIL

Why do ye stir yourselves, O ancient sea-gods,
Waking in ire from the sleep of long ages?
Is it your restlessness, as ye lie dreaming,
Dreaming of glories past, O mighty Aesir,
Who from high Asgard ruled the fierce Norsemen?
Is it your turning provokes the wild tumult,
Swirling and seething from terrible Maelström,
Hurling destruction and woe on the North Sea,
Storming defiance athwart the wild Ocean?
Why do ye stir yourselves, O ancient sea-gods,
Waking in ire from the sleep of long ages?
Is it your wrath that would swallow yon frail bark,
Buffeted, laboring, torn with your fury;
Is it your wailing that shrieks through the rigging?

Ah 'tis too late, mighty Jotüns, ye cannot
Turn back these Light-Bearers fleeing before you;
Vain, wholly vain, O great Njörd, now to summon
Those ocean vassals that erstwhile did serve thee,
Lord of the wild seas and ruler of tempests!
Call to thee Freyja, thy sister, and whither
Flown are thy Vanir, the Light-elfs that served thee?

Summon bold Aegir, fierce Jotün of sea-gales,
Thor with his lightnings affrighting the heavens,
Serpent of Midgard, and all thy strong allies!

Silence, O sea-gods, be silent and listen —
Vain all your storming, vain all your clamor!
Listen! I hear, through the ravings of Ocean
Sounding a ghostly, a mystical murmur —
Ygdrasil maketh his leaves all to quiver,
Ygdrasil holy, vast Tree of Existence,
Standing deep-rooted in Death's dark abysses,
Deep in the gloom of the kingdom of Hela.
There in dread silence around the great Ash Tree,
Quickening his gnarled roots, now and forever,
With the deep Sacred Well's life-giving waters,
Sit the three Nornas — grim fates — ever spinning,
Spinning the Present, the Past and the Future.

High rears the Ash Tree his proud head undying,
The races his branches, his boughs are the nations,
Under his vast spread the whole world is sheltered—
All the world's life through his mystic leaves rustling.

Balder the beautiful, Balder the White God,
Hurt by the mistletoe, wounded and dying,
Shed a warm tear of compassion for all men,
Wept on the roots of the Ash Tree, and forthwith
Trembled an impulse, a thrilling, a budding!
Lo, from his vastness a new bough is breaking —
Silence, ye sea-gods and offer your homage! —
Erelong this branch, lusty, budding, will blossom,
Giant in embryo, masterful, valiant,
Growing, outspreading to distant climes, reaching
Overland, oversea unto a New World.
Under its shelter shall gather the peoples,
Hope of all humankind, foe of oppressors,
Fairest of Ygdrasil's branches, fruit-laden,
Healing the nations with Light and with Freedom!

TOO SOON THE LIGHT

Blow, night winds, blow your kindly, mystic veil
Athwart the rift made by the Norseman's prow;
Let Vineland slumber yet awhile in peace,
Lulled by her guardian ocean's melodies.
Hide once again this earthly paradise,
Whose waters flow unvexed, whose limpid streams
Leap in sweet Freedom's haunts, where fearless drink
All her wild creatures, in her love secure;
Whose forest wilds, untouched by the woodman's axe,
In their primeval glory undefiled,
Murmur their joy unto caressing winds.
Too soon the light! The world is moving slow;
These shores be for its riper heritage!

RUMORS

Rumors of mystic lands sought by the Basque, sought by bold seamen from Africa;
Rumors wild, formless, wraiths of the night-wrack of ocean.
Rumors of land to the westward,
Rumors from Portugal, rumors from Teneriffe, tales of St. Brandan, despair of brave seamen;
Isle of Borondon, fair vision elusive, world-famous, guarded of tempest and portent, spell-bound, prison of giants;
Rumors weird, flitting, drifting, flitting from Erin, drifting to Cambria;
Tales of barbarous Creeks in whose veins flows blood of old Hellas;
Rumors of wanderers back from far-away lands of the fierce Tuscaroras;
Rumors of Aztlan, region of wonder, vast, vague, hid in the mists of the sunset;

Rumors from tongue to tongue, telling of Madoc returned from his cruising,
Calling for followers new, again to follow his daring!
Ten good ships on the shore, ready for sailing;
Prayers to the Saint all said, prayers to St. Cyric:
"Cyric, the seaman's friend, guide and protect us!"

"Farewell, O Madoc, and a long farewell!
How canst thou tear thee from thy native land?
The breeze is up, the sails begin to swell,
The keels impatient, grate upon the strand.
Why dost thou leave me here to die alone?
Canst thou not stay to win thy father's throne?"

"Nay, I am weary of this petty strife,
I long for freedom and the sea's large life;
I long to feel the tugging of the sail,
To wrestle with the fury of the gale!
Farewell, O father, naught shall stay my quest,
I seek new glory in the golden west!"

Gazing afar at the sunset over the waters,
Day by day, year by year gazing, waiting, weeping;
Waiting the prince's return with his squadron;
Weeping, peering beyond St. David's Head, out on the ocean:
"Why dost thou linger so, Madoc, my hero, returnest thou never?"
Answer the echoes, wafted from stony crags:
"Never!"

THE DARK AGES

Night of the ages lies dark on Europa, like a black pall.
Dead is the glory of Rome, dead fair Greece, dead their civilization,
Trampled by Christian Visigoth, Vandal, and Hun.
Low burns the light on the altar;

The muses have fled for asylum to shade of the cloister;
Vast with portentous recoil, the tide of the ages is ebbing,
Cloud-swept is the dial of time; the shadow turns backward,
Force rules the nations triumphant!
Turmoil and struggle unending, for feudal dominion;
Fredom o'erpowered, a fugitive seeking a refuge,
Weight of oppression hath broken the heart of the people.
Crieth the Spirit of Freedom: "Where is the place of my rest?"

COLUMBUS AT THE CONVENT

"Diego, in those sheltering convent walls
Perchance a heart of pity may be found
Our dire distress and hunger to relieve.
Come, we will speak to yonder man of God.

"O Holy Father, in compassion feed
Thy servant and his child who beg for bread
And rest and lodging in thy sacred walls!
Foot-sore and weary come we many a league,
Outcast, wayfarers, and disconsolate.
All saints defend thy gates forevermore!"

"Enter, my children, rest ye here in peace,
Let food and kindly sleep your strength renew;
Tomorrow shall ye tell me of your quest."

"Come, Angel Sleep, come, Angel Sleep,
And kiss mine eyelids to repose;
Thy gentle watch above me keep,
Till I forget my woes,
My weariness and woes.

" Spread now thy soothing wings abroad,
Beneath their shadow pain shall cease;
To all the weary rest accord,
And wrap the world in peace,
The slumbering world in peace."

" The night is past, Diego, let us find
The venerable Prior, wish him joy
Upon this dewy morn, and tell our tale:
For he hath bid us tell him of ourselves.

" Father, thou askest what and whence I am,
And whither I go hence: I am a man
Like to thyself, on meditation bent,
A seaman and chartographer am I
Who long have limned the face of earth and sea,
And, limning, dreamed of lands beyond our ken,
Vast lands and ponderous, of old create
To balance these whereon our nations dwell,
Holding the wheeling earth in equipoise.
O venerable Prior, I would seek
Those unknown regions, thither bear the Cross
Before whose holy shrine thou worshipest
And with new gems enrich the crown of Spain.
But Spain rejecting me, to France I turn.
Most Holy Father, Juan de Marchena,
Thou knowest Isabella; wert not erst
Confessor to our queen? Do thou, I pray,
Implore her majesty to espouse my cause.
So shalt thou bring the blessing of all time,
And fame upon Maria de Rabina!"

" My son, thy sojourn here hath wrought a blessing,
Yea, I do love thee for the high emprise
Sprung from thy vision, piercing worlds unknown,
And for the grandeur of thy dauntless soul.
Abide our guest, thou and Diego tarry
Here in these cloisters while I speed afar

Upon my swift-paced mule to Santa Fé,
Where the king's arms have driven the hated Moor
To bay, pent in the stronghold of Granada.
Rest while I plead thy cause before the throne;
I shall away before another dawn.
I know the gracious heart of Isabella,
Noblest of women, angel of her people,
Protector of religion and of learning;
She be thy guardian saint of realms unknown.
I will prepare thy way; abide thou here!"

FALL OF GRANADA

"Long live the King, our Sovereign Liege;
Death, death to Boabdil;
We strangle the Moor with our tightening Siege;
Now, Vengeance, drink thy fill!

The haughty Saracen reels at the blow
Of the sword of Ferdinand;
A suppliant he in the dust kneels low,
Granada's keys in his hand.

"High on Alhambra the Cross shall wave,
And the hated Crescent wane;
Stoop, Lord, Hispania now to save,
Cure thou her age-long pain.

The infidel boast availeth naught,
Te Deums waft our praise;
A mighty deed our God hath wrought,
Our banners proud we raise."

THE KING SUMMONS COLUMBUS

"Who is this dreamer that, with eyes uplift,
Haunting the camp with lofty unconcern,
Disdains our triumph as a thing too small
For his high contemplation? Let him speak!"

COLUMBUS BEFORE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

"Give me three ships, my Liege, and I will lay
My westering course on lone Atlantic's waste,
Adown the curving bosom of the deep,
Where never keel hath dared to plough before,
Where lost Atlantis slumbers 'neath the main;
Search for Antilla and Cypango's isle,
Breathing of spice-groves, flashing with gems untold;
Thy greetings will I bear to India's Lord —
Throned amid splendors of the Orient,
Heir to the teeming realms of Kubla Khan
Aflame with domes and palaces of gold —
And bring thee wealth and fame from far Cathay!

"Not mountain billow, no, nor typhoon's rage,
Nor deadly sun of equatorial zone;
Not fabled monster, nor abysmal chasm,
Nor Gorgon's writhing hair shall fright my soul,
Nor witching syren lure me from my course.

"Earth's round with four-and-twenty hours is girt
Whereof to man but eight be still unknown.
These would I fain explore for thy renown,
O Sire, and seek that bourne whence to our strand
Have drifted curious flotsam, graven wands,
And giant reeds, and trees unnamed of men;
Yea, the strange-visaged corse, of alien race,
Dumb lips beseeching me, to seek his kin.

"The holy prophets have foretold the ends
Of all the earth together shall be brought,
And me to this high mission Heaven hath called,
All nations to unite, and every tongue,
Beneath the banner of the world's Redeemer,
That Mother Church may blessing bring to all.
Most gracious King, bestow the boon I crave!
Behold Columbus at thy footstool kneel;

To explore the vast unknown I would be gone.
For ever westward rove the thoughts of men,
Since brave Ulysses sought the Happy Isles
Beyond the regions of the setting sun.
I would be Admiral of all the seas
And Viceroy of all lands I find for thee,
And I would tithe all gains that there be made,
And, with the golden tribute of those lands,
Wrest from the Turk the Holy Sepulchre,
By Moslem dog and Paynim long defiled.
I cannot stoop to meaner thoughts or things;
'Tis worlds I bargain for, not paltry spoils!
Be thou my judge, I will have nothing less."

" Courtiers, this sailor is beside himself! "

" Wilt thou too spurn me, gracious Isabella?
I know thou lovest all things high and noble,
Canst thou not see the hand of God in this? "

"Arise, Christophoro, thou shalt yet rule,
Viceroy and Admiral of Ocean Seas!
I do behold the finger of the Lord
Pointing the way unto the hidden West,
Shrouded so long in cloud and mystery.
Thy cause be mine, be mine the joy to give
Unto the heathen light, to Spain new glory!
I, from my head, my arms, my breast will strip
The jewels that adorned me when I came
Unto my Lord, a bride from fair Castile.
These will I pledge, before high Heaven, and Spain,
To help thee bring to pass thy soul's desire —
Arise in haste and get thee to the sea! "

BATTLE OF THE WINDS

" Rally, rally, rally to the rescue;
Blow, ye winds of heaven, blow your trumpets!
Storm and ocean-tempest, lead your forces!

Who is this that dares invade our ocean?
Who is this that cometh to dethrone us;
Wresting from us our long guarded-secret?
Smite him, Eurus, blast him with thine East Winds!
Auster, blow thy withering South upon him!
Zephyrus, from out the western glooming,
Hasten to defend thy natal fastness;
Drive him back again into the dawning!
Boreas, offspring stormy of Aurora,
Hail thy savage cohorts to the battle,
Pour thy frosts and cold upon him, North Wind.
Loose your hurricanes; let whirlwinds thwart him;
Let him reel and fly before your onset!
Hither launch your thunders and your lightnings,
Peal on peal of terror seaward hurling,
Till ye daunt the invader's heart of daring,
On our awful solitudes intruding.
Rally, rally! Bring your strong protection
To the Secret of the West, long hidden.
O ye wild waves, crush this bold invader;
Wreck this puny cockle shell, ye tempests,
Let him sink in fathomless abysses!
Let his flaunting sails be rent and scattered,
Let the sporting sea-birds tear and mock them!
He would harness you, ye mighty sea-winds,
He would have you bear him where he listeth,
He would bind and drive you as his vassals.
Dost thou, Eurus, fill his sails? O recreant!
Wilt thou help him find his way to sunset?
Zephyrus, why art thou yielding to him?
Eurus, Zephyrus, will ye betray me,
And reveal the Mystery of the Ages?

COLUMBUS MET BY LITTLE BIRDS

Ye merry birds that seek the shore
Where softly sways your leafy nest,
A hero's toil will soon be o'er,
The hero of a mighty quest.

In dreams he saw a world unknown —
Sing, merry birds, your welcome sing —
Cheer the brave heart whose faith alone
A new-found world to light shall bring!

Pause as ye circle round his mast —
Sing, merry birds, his heart to cheer —
Sing that his fame will ever last,
And whisper that the land is near!

AVE REGINA

"Ave Regina" the sailors sang,
And each man bent the knee;
"Ora Pro Nobis" tuneful rang,
As night fell on the sea.

Then thought they of Andalusian days
And, lost on the desolate main,
Their husky voices tried to raise
The even-song again.

Then swept their hearts a fierce desire
The caravel to seize;
Mutiny set their souls on fire,
As they prayed upon their knees.

"To quarters all," the Admiral said,
"The morrow shall show us land!"
Each sullen sailor hung his head,
Nor dared to raise a hand.

Stern through his watch the commander strode,
The brave stars overhead,
While Santa Maria the billows rode,
And into the darkness sped.

Heavy the load on the sad, lone heart,
As he paced the castle deck;
How soon would treachery play its part? —
"Ha! What is yon glimmering speck?

" Ho, Don Pedro! See'st a light?
Rodrigo! Dost thou see
How strange it flashes in the night?
What think ye may it be? "

Signing themselves with the Holy Cross,
They cried: " Thou may'st be sure
To curse our good ship with dire loss
Some demon-eye doth lure! "

" Nay, by the Rood! O'er these chartless waves
To glory my pennon flies;
The Queen of Heaven hears and saves —
Land, land in the offing lies! "

O, nameless savage, thou didst not know,
When thy torch gleamed out on the night,
That a highway to Freedom its flame would show,
And lead the world to its light!

NATIVES' SONG OF WELCOME TO COLUMBUS

" Lo, from the heavens immortals descending,
Borne upon clouds, with white wings outspread;
Flock to the seashore, their pleasure attending,
Bring the cassava and offer them bread!

Bow we in homage; the gods are bestowing
Favors upon us, poor children of earth;
Man the canoe where the bright waves are flowing,
Welcome the stranger with singing and mirth!"

LANDING OF COLUMBUS

Wave, wave, ye palms of peace, your welcome wave
To banners of Castile and Aragon,
Behold Columbus, kneeling, kiss the soil;
In scarlet robed, in panoply of mail,

'Mid steel-clad retinue bent low in prayer!
Thrill, Earth! What blushing maiden e'er hath felt
More rapturous kiss of passionate lover's lips?
Ye heavens, rejoice! Before what shrine hath knelt
More pious pilgrim, glad his soul to shrive?

EARTHLY PARADISE

Here let him bathe his toil in summer seas
Of joy, where all the air is sweet with breath
Of flowers innumerous; where all the isles
Join in the chorus of their happy birds,
Tuneful amid the branches that bend low
To kiss the waters of the crystal sea.
From isle to isle soft may his latine sails
Float on the balmy airs that breathe of peace —
Like birds of paradise awing for home.
Peace, troubled soul, here rest awhile in peace,
And sate desire with fruits ambrosial!
Fold here thy pinions ere thou fly again
To seek that wonderland upon whose bourne
These islands, nestling, wait to welcome thee!

ERE SHADOWS FALL

Ye verdant islands of the sunlit zone,
Through storm and stress your lover seeks his own.
Of you he dreamed, for you his tireless quest;
Smile on him now, ye Islands of the Blest!
The bitter days will come, they come to all,
Joy with your lover, ere the shadows fall!
Ye are the portals of great things to be,
Still silent sleeps the Ancient Mystery.

THE ADMIRAL'S RETURN

Hail, Sea-lord! Homeward turn,
A thousand beacons burn
To welcome thee!
Hispania's monarch waits
To greet, with open gates,
Thy victory.

Ring loud, oh trump of fame,
To herald far his name
Through all the land!
Man's helm hath found a path,
Through unknown Ocean's wrath,
In his strong hand.

Awed sea-gods, moaning, fled
As onward, onward led
His dauntless soul;
Strange terrors could not stay
The hero on his way
To the far goal.

Should Eurus alway blow,
How could they homeward go,
Or e'er return?
Anon the horrid calm
Fell with its vague alarm,
Their sails to spurn.

How should they ever pass
The frightful sea-morass
That closed their way?
Should here their lone keels ground
On sunken hills, where drowned
Atlantis lay?

And while the fearful quailed,
Still westward, westward sailed
His caravel.

Though floods and tempests roared
Yet high his spirit soared
  Above their spell.

A golden bourne he found —
Sing bards! The story sound
  Through all the world!
In realms beyond the sea
Our sovereign majesty
  Proud he unfurled.

The captive hither borne,
His triumph to adorn
  New wonder lends.
A strange light and sublime —
Day-spring of coming time —
  Its foregleam sends.

Hope's guidon thou shalt be!
The hosts of liberty;
  That follow on,
Shall ever chant thy fame;
Thou hast a deathless name,
  Unknowing, won!

Sing, clarion, soar and sing!
Enthroned beside the King,
  With glory crowned,
He royal robes doth wear,
And with his Liege doth share
  Homage profound.

Strong champion of the Cross,
Preserve the Church from loss,
  Her shrines defend!
Mother, thy blessing give,
Long may thy great son live,
  Thy sway to extend!

INTO THE DARKNESS

Avert thy face, O Heaven! O, Gratitude,
Where canst thou hide thy blushes and thy tears?
O Fame, how soon doth change thy fickle mood —
At dying Glory mocking Envy jeers!

COLUMBUS IN PRISON

" Of what avail, of what avail
To tell these stones the cruel tale
Of woes that have my spirit broke,
Since from youth's vision I awoke?

" By church and king deserted, here
I rust in chains, with none to cheer.
For Spain untraversed seas I tried —
Their terrors vast, their floods defied.

" I thought to bring her wealth and fame,
And glorify my country's name;
I thought all nations to unite
In homage to the Church's might.

(Monks, in a near-by monastery, chanting: *Miserere nostri Domine, miserere nostri:*)

'Twas mine to seek earth's farthest bound,
Long hidden mysteries to sound;
That Science might proud victor be
O'er ancient phantasms of the sea.

" But foes have sullied my fair name
With fell dishonor; open shame
Hath Bobadilla's venom wrought,
And me to this foul dungeon brought.

" How didst thou, Espinosa, dare
To forge the fetters that I wear?
How didst thou, traitor, with delight
Mock thine unhappy master's plight!

" I hear the rabble in the street,
The eager tramp of hurried feet;
I hear the cry of blood, and fear
The end is swiftly drawing near.

(*Quia multum repleti sumus despectione: Quia multum repleta est anima nostra: Opprobrium abundantibus, et despectio superbis.*)

" The cell is dark and damp and cold,
My life is spent, my years are told;
Too well hath Envy done her part,
Her cruel blow hath pierced my heart!

" Sore anguish chokes my labored breath,
Come set me free, O kindly Death! —
Ah, 'twas a dream of glory high;
Forgive, ye saints, my bitter cry! "

BLOW TROPIC WINDS

Blow, blow, ye tropic winds! Tell all the earth
Kind Heaven hath crowned him with greater fame
Than King, or Church, or Indies could bestow!
His be the glory of the man who holds,
Unmoved, to his ideal brave and high,
And will not swerve until the goal be won!
Ye coming generations, laud his name!
For unborn peoples hath he found a home,
For sacred Freedom an abiding place!

Chant for the Children of Mystery

CHANT FOR THE CHILDREN OF MYSTERY

Esquimo, igloo, kayak and totem —
Vanguard of humankind fringing earth's mighty dome, shadowed with wonder,
Soaring majestic, inviolate, unto the Pole Star upbearing
Through the slow, year-long day the goal of man's dauntless endeavor;
Mound-builder, sleeping 'neath mouldering circle and serpent and fortress,
Heedless that over him rolls the vast tide of the white man, billowing over his dreaming;
Sacred bird flying, oh whither I know not, out of the ages unknown and forgotten —
Cycles when lorded the mastodon, earth-shaker, over the jungle, trumpeting terror —
Serpent insatiate, unriddled emblems, what did ye mean to my brother who dreameth?
Guard ye with honor his rude mausoleum, silent and stately;
Soon, ah so soon, shall we also be sleeping!

Mohawk, Mohegan, Algonquin and Iroquois, Seminole, Cherokee,
Children of nature, roaming the wilderness, awed by the Manitou, and the Great Spirit;
Cliff-dweller high in his fastness, entrenched amid rock-blazoned bulwarks barbaric with heraldry, folk lore and story;
Zuni in terrace and Viva, skilled potter, deft weaver of basketry, tiller of maize lands communal;
Snake-dancing Hopi, intrepid, imploring, crying for rain! rain! through favor of earth-gods on harvest — reptile-borne, dark, subterranean message;

Cruel Apache, fierce Navaho, foemen in ambush
near lurking —
Whence came ye hither, whence came ye hither with
war-dance and calumet, wigwam and
wampum?

Mighty Anahuac, proud Montezuma's dominion
rising through zone upon zone to ice-
wrapped Cordillera;
Toltec and Aztec and Tlascan and famed Seven
Cities, hoary with mystery, wondrous in le-
gend, turret and tower far-gleaming,
Deluged with blood of the dread human sacrifice,
flowing from altars of terrible Huitzilo-
potchli;
War-god insatiate, ghastly teocallis stored with his
trophies;
Tenochtitlan, fair queen, encircled of waters, em-
bosomed of grove-bowered Tezcuco,
Mother of chinampas, floating isles — wind-wafted
— threaded by causeway;
Yucatan temple with sculpture weird graven,
adorned with mosaic;
Mitla, Uxmal, and Copan, Mayapan and vast
Palenque:
Pyramid, obelisk, casa and archway flaming —'neath
forests gigantic, age-grown — gorgeous with
color;
Quippu, deft woven Peruvian lore intertwined,
thick-knotted with sacred tradition;
Threaded the empire with highway and tunnel and
osier-bridge gracefully leaping the gorges;
Myriad on myriad of swarming folk delving, mining
and tilling the lowland and hillside, feeding
the llama-flock high on the mountain;
Fane of the sun-god, the mighty Creator, the great
Pachacàmac,
Shining where Cuzco salutes the first sunbeam,

Blazing with tablet and cornice and golden gate
gleaming afar o'er the realm of the Inca;
Great Atahualpa, Lord of the Rainbow, high Son
of the Deity, blinding his captors with treas-
ure undreamed of,
Borne over highway and valley ewer and goblet
and salver, with lily and golden maize
wrought by the goldsmith
Piled in his dungeon as high as the reach of the
pitiful captive —
Ransom imperial, hurried on shoulders to save their
loved sovereign;
Treasure on treasure and gold, gold, gold, till the
conqueror reels and grows dizzy!

Whence poured these human waves down through
the ages?
Down from the rocky heights, thousand lakes, thou-
sand isles, forests unending;
Down from the White Hills where Horicon smiles
on the edge of the wilderness;
Flowing, rejoicing in sunlight, where Hudson,
triumphant with tribute full-laden, glides
down to the welcoming sea,
Past proud Palisades lifting pæans of praise to Lib-
erty's name, blown from vast organ-toned
bastion and cliff —
Alleghany and Everglade wafting their odorous
greeting;
Flowing where Mount St. Elias and Shasta look
down from their glories, high throned upon
glaciers;
Surging through cañons, through light-crowned
Sierras, through ridges of Rockies;
South from the lakes, flooding prairies adown to the
gulf, through the vales of the Father of
Waters;

Laving the feet of the thunderer, fiery Popocatapetl,
Ebbing and flowing by turns amid the white Cordilleras;
Scaling the Andes — watched by the eagle and slow-circling condor —
Cotopaxi, Earth-shaker, his feet upon clouds, his flames heaven affrighting;
Swirling and lost where broad Amazon rolls her vast floods to the ocean —
Say, from what morning of time did ye come, oh ye Children of Mystery?

Winds of the North, blowing from ice-floe, from lake and from forest;
Winds of the East and West, breath of Atlantic and breath of Pacific,
Meeting, embracing and wafting your love-kisses over the wheat-land and orchard and prairie;
Winds of the South, blowing fragrance of orange, of jasmine, breathing of Cherokee roses —
Tell me your mystic lore, whisper the splendid secret!

Surely ye saw them arriving and living and hunting and tilling;
Saw them from age to age warring and building and toiling and dying —
Tell me! I listen, and softly the sighing winds murmur: "'Tis Hidden!"

Your farewells whisper, ye giant sequoias! Ye dwelt with them, sheltered them thousands of summers.
Whisper ye pines and ye live-oaks that fringe the Atlantic, mingle your farewells with dirges of ocean!

Ye fair fronded palms, cocobolo, mahogany, rose-
wood, trailing gigantic vines, draping your
scarlet, entangled and climbing to sun-
light above the dark tropical forest —
orchid and butterfly gleaming and
flashing — murmur a requiem
solemn and slow for the dead
of the ages unknown and
unnumbered!

Coming of the Nations

Coming of the Nations

FREEDOM ENTHRONED

Throned on a lofty height that heavenward rose,
Whence through a thousand leagues of wide domain
Missouri and great Mississippi flowed,
And Hudson greeted first the morning light
That gilds the ramparts of his Palisades
And turrets of the world's metropolis,
Proud Freedom sat, midway her continent.

Upon her right the Rocky Mountains loomed
From where Alaskan glaciers mourn the sun
To the white Andes towering in glory,
As body-guard protecting her, unmoved
By threat of danger and the westering night.
Range upon range their monstrous serried ranks,
Marshaled from frozen north to tropic zone,
Saluted her along the Pacific shores,
Uplift supreme of the vast hemisphere,
Parting the waters unto either ocean,
Cloven with gorgeous cañons, awe-compelling,
Lifting their granite crests high heaven to uphold.

Upon her left the Alleghanies sloped
Athwart the populous East to Atlantic wastes.
There from New England's hallowed hills, her praise
Wafted sweet incense to her mighty dead.
Far-rolling vale and sun-lit plain lay flecked
With somber cloud-drifts where the cities murmured.
Midway outstretched, shone waving fields of plenty,
The teeming myraids of earth to feed,
And vast maize-legions marched across the land
To pour their golden splendor at her feet.

Interminable forests at her back
Sang ever in her praise their pæans wild,
The free birds echoing them from tree to tree,
And wild deer roamed along the rivulets,
Joyously bounding as the waters did.
Soft on her ear the voice of her great lakes
Rose in the anthems of Niagara.

Before her lay the broad and sunny home
Of jasmine, and live-oak with moss-plumes wreathed.
These odorous groves of orange-bloom and gold,
These sun-warmed fields covered with snowy bolls—
Arrayed as with a bridal garment fair, —
Smiled on the amorous waters of the Gulf;
While east and west in deep antiphonal,
Two mighty oceans sang each to its shore,
The song that celebrated Freedom's name.

A presence of majestic mien she sat,
Clothed all with light which issued from her form —
A form of rare, ethereal tissue wrought —
Enrobing her in folds of radiance,
And the unearthly splendor, shining forth,
Illuminated whereso'er it fell.
There safe her people dwelt in liberty;
America was free from every foe.
And in the luminous tide which from her flowed,
Men's souls found inspiration to unfold
To nobler manhood and more fair attaining.
How bright the sun shone there! All living things
Had fuller joy beneath great Freedom's gaze.
For she nor crushed nor marred as one enthroned
On broken hearts and hopes of conquered peoples,
But, rather, brooded as a mother-bird
Nurtures her fledgling young with gentle breast.
A glowing halo, circling her fair head,
Shot forth far-searching rays through all the earth,
Piercing the age-long shadows of despair.
Her face — ah, what a look of love it bore

For the downtrodden of every name and clime,
Lightening with hope her new-found hemisphere.

And when she heard the cry of the oppressed
Wafted across her mighty ocean-moats,
Her breast heaved, her nostrils gasped for breath,
A fierce light blazed in her dilating eyes,
Born of heroic struggles of the past —
Thermopylæ and Marathon, strong Rome
By Maccabeans defied, the Saracen
Crushed by the Hammer on the field of Tours;
Sempach and Leyden, Naseby, Bannockburn;
The throes of France uprisen, and Bunker Hill —
Her hand, unconscious, sought her eager sword,
While visions of world-wide empire rose and
beckoned,
Bidding her show her might in distant lands
Which by th' Eternal's mandate she should guard.

A WARNING VOICE

And then from heaven there spoke a Voice divine:
" Behold, O Freedom, how the nations come
To thee for consolation and enlargement;
Room do they crave within thy borders wide.
Be thou their guardian angel; thee I chose
To hearten these my children, to defend
And lead them with thy light. Put up thy sword;
Too feeble for this fight thine ancient arms!
Behold, earth's multitudes are flocking hither;
For these must thou a mightier weapon wield.
Their foes are powers of darkness, give them light!
I charge thee, Freedom, give them light for growth
Of godlike germs, implanted by my hand
In every soul of man. Let the past die!
If thou do lust for conquest, *thou* shalt die —
In that polluted air thou may'st not breathe,
'Tis dank with blood of earth's unnumbered slain;

Murky with pillage, rapine and despair —
Let the past die, tear-stained and drenched with
blood!
In this fair realm all races meet, do thou
Kindle new light with thy clear shining, lead
To loftier heights than man hath elsewhere scaled
Lead on, O Freedom, to the heights of God!

The people look to thee with longing. Hark!
Dost thou not hear the burden of their song
Rising from smoke-plumed city and verdant plain,
Like to the voice of many waters, chorals
Sounding in divers tongues of alien tone,
Blending in unison magnificent?"

While, with rapt longing, gracious Freedom bent,
Eager with love, to catch the swelling tones —
Wave upon wave of wind-blown melody —
Lo, from the innumerous voices intertwined,
There rose the plaint of immemorial pain!

SONG OF THE HEBREWS

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
For thee my spirit sighs;
Accurs'd is earth's fair diadem,
In dust thy glory lies.

Bereft of country and of home,
Thy children sad and weak,
From land to land in exile roam,
For rest and safety seek.

We heard the calling of the West
Across the troubled sea,
And, wounded sore, for peace and rest,
O Freedom, fled to thee.

Lo, Israel seeks thy promised land,
Led hither of the Lord;
Give welcome to our weary band,
Protect us from the sword!

Jerusalem, thy children lone
A refuge strong have found;
Again Jehovah's guidance own,
Again His praises sound!

Perchance the Lord will bless us here,
Who grief so long have known;
Till He in Zion shall appear
And claim us for His own.

And then a strain of blither mood was heard,
Breathed from the land of Dante and of Petrarch:

SONG OF THE ITALIANS

Goddess, all hail to thee,
Goddess, all hail to thee,
Dream of the ages,
Poets and sages;
Over the tossing wave,
Eager and strong and brave,
We have hither sped to meet thee,
Joyous, we greet thee!

Freedom, we prayed for thee,
Freedom, we prayed for thee:
"Hear, Queen of Heaven, hear,
Bow down thy gracious ear"—
Lo, Garibaldi came;
Taught us thy deathless name;
Now the olive groves are ringing,
Thy praises singing.

Freedom, we dreamt of thee,
Freedom, we dreamt of thee,
Where fiery Ætna glows,
Where the sweet orange blows;
Far from those azure skies,
Where summer never dies,
Hither hope hath led our dreaming,
Lit by thy gleaming.

Goddess, all hail to thee,
Goddess, all hail to thee,
Heiress of ages past,
Thy fame forever last!
Farewell, Eternal Rome,
Hail to our new-found home;
Unto thee we new allegiance give;
Live, Freedom, ever live!

Listen! a chord full-toned and organ-voiced,
Borne from the land of Schiller and of Goethe,
Sounded from hearts to home and freedom true:

SONG OF THE GERMANS

On Rhenish banks we heard thy name,
And drifting echoes of thy glory;
To us the joyful tidings came,
Where Lurley sings 'mid ruins hoary —
Rumors of plenty and of peace,
Where arms and warfare have surcease.

Along the Elbe the message ran,
Of thee the Weser too kept telling
Tidings of larger hope for man,
The joy unto the North Sea swelling,
Till Freedom's invitation grand
Went thrilling through the Fatherland.

" Ye who the hosts of Rome defied;
Ye offspring of the mighty Herman,
Come cast your lot on Freedom's side,
Man's destiny come help determine;
Your long heroic struggles past,
Here find ye rest and peace at last!

" Long have ye scanty pittance had
From Mother Earth, with all your moiling;
The life is hard, the home is sad
With wife and children ever toiling;
And manhood's bloom is given to war,
Until the nation's heart is sore."

Hail, Freedom, we have heard thy voice,
And hither come to thee with singing;
In thy glad light we would rejoice,
Our lives to thee as tribute bringing —
And may thy light forever stand,
A beacon to the Fatherland!

Anon a voice of pathos and of cheer
Sounded athwart the multitudinous song:

SONG OF THE IRISH

Erin, I love thee, my heart is a-breaking,
Far from Killarney my footsteps do stray;
In thy fair island the morn is awaking,
While toward the sunset I wander away.
From thee I'm severed,
From thee I'm severed,
My kindred are waiting my call to obey.

Freedom, I love thee, thy smile brought me hither,
In that dear home-land they long for thee too;
Lacking thy sunlight the shamrock doth wither,
Though their tears water its leaves as the dew;
There they are waiting,
There they are waiting,
Light with thy shining their warm hearts and true.

Land of O'Connell, how long is thy grieving
Over the vision that westward hath fled;
There Tara's children the future are weaving,
Kildare is sleeping, but freedom's not dead!
Erin is waiting,
Erin is waiting,
Follow, loved Erin, where Freedom hath led!

Freedom, I love thee, thy children here flocking
Have not forgotten the harp on the green;
Be thou their guardian, their hopes never mocking,
Thy reign the fairest the world e'er hath seen;
Kathleen is waiting,
Kathleen is waiting,
Soon shall I send for my darling Kathleen!

From the Carpathian hills a longing voice
Breathed of the borderland of Orient:

SONG OF THE HUNGARIANS

We dwelt on Danube's mighty stream —
Roll on, romantic river!
Upon thy banks the ages dream,
Fair knights their lances shiver.

With paladin and pomp of pride
There swept the old Crusader;
There Hunyady the Turk defied
And crushed the accursed invader.

There stormed fierce Attila the Hun,
Europa's devastator,
And there, O Freedom, rose thy son,
Kossuth the Liberator.

Petöfi sang thy paeans high,
And set our heartstrings throbbing;
Then for thy sake he dared to die,
And left thy children sobbing.

Of him we learned thy glorious name,
Where gleams the Danube river;
In every land art thou the same —
Of life the generous giver.

Uplift our lot and set us free,
Oppressed with tribulation;
Oh, may we Magyars find in thee
Our dream's full consummation!

And thereupon a cry as of a soul
In torment, grieving hopeless in its pain:

DIRGE OF THE FINNS

I hear the north blast wailing,
I see the night-wrack trailing
Its pall upon the sea;
My broken heart is crying
For Finland crushed and dying,
Dying in pain for me.
None, none may dare befriend her,
None, none may dare defend her;
The Great White Czar hath answered with a frown,
And torn Suomi's sacred banner down.

He promised to befriend her,
He promised to defend her,
If she to him were true;
Then seized her precious dower
With his resistless power —
For mercy vain to sue!
"Vengeance" the storm-cloud mutters,
The distant thunder utters
Warnings of tempests wild, whose lightnings dread
Shall wreak their fury on the tyrant's head.

" Suomi is a-dying,"
I hear the sad runes crying
Along the North Sea shore.
Freedom, art vigil keeping?
To thee we come with weeping,
Thy comfort to implore.
O Time, art thou retreating,
Our ancient hopes defeating? —
The lights of Helsingfors are quenched in gloom,
As Kalevala's children meet their doom.

Then rose a sob of immemorial woe:

CRY OF THE ARMENIANS

We heard thy voice across the deep
Where lone Armenia's children weep;
A voice of hope that bid us come
From tears of age-long martyrdom.

The voice of Gregory is hushed,
Our shrines are spoiled, our altars crushed;
At noontide blood; at night despair,
With Terror lurking everywhere.

Ah, long the Moslem's heel hath trod
To earth the ancient church of God;
Long, long her bitter, piercing cry
Hath risen to the unpitying sky.

The Muscovite our pleeding spurns,
And from our woe in anger turns;
Katholikos is put to shame
For fealty to thy sacred name.

Our ancient generations prayed
For thee, by sword and fire dismayed;
How canst thou, Freedom, bear to see
Such long-enduring misery!

Europa's heart of stone is cold,
Askance she views our sorrows old;
Her voice that might have cheered is dumb —
Sweet Freedom, to thy home we come.

Sounded an echo of the age-long struggle
'Gainst oppression on the Vistula —
Brave eagle's nest, by paw and talon torn:

SONG OF THE POLES

Freedom, from our birthright driven,
Seek we thy fair bourne;
Tyrants' steel our hearts hath riven,
Poland's woes we mourn.
Kochanowskie sing
Dirges for our brave —
Polska, wake from sleep!
Freedom, vigil keep!

Kosciusko, dost thou see us
On this foreign strand?
Thou didst give thyself to free us —
Fettered still thy land.
Polaska, fare thee well;
Who our pain may know!
Freedom, hear our cry;
To thine arms we fly!

From the far home of Pushkin and of Tolstoy
Sorrowed a minor chord of disappointment —
A voice of anguish fleeing from the storm:

SONG OF THE RUSSIANS

O'er the wide Ural steppes
Fierce cries the tempest,
Fierce the buran's wrath from Neva to Don;

Terror hath driven us
Unto thy keeping;
Famine hath stricken and
Hurried us on.

Freedom, we learned thy name —
Hope rose exulting —
When Alexander unfettered the serf;
New life he brought to light,
Dawn cheered our weeping:
Man should no longer be
Kin to the turf!

Ivan the terrible,
Art thou awakening!
Know'st thou, great Peter, how troubled thy realm?
Whither doth drive the storm,
O sacred ikons,
Drifting to darkness,
Broken the helm?

Tyranny, brought to bay,
Humbled and crying
Unto the people, for mercy shall kneel;
Seething, the tumult vast
Shakes Holy Russia —
Mighty her travail throes
With commonweal!

Freedom, all glorious,
Lead thou the nations;
Long may thy beacon shine far in the night!
Unto thy stronghold we
Hasten for refuge;
Do thou our little ones
Guard by thy might.

Hark! 'mid the various choirs those tuneful voices,
Chanting the brotherhood of liberty:

SONG OF THE FRENCH

From Lafayette we learned thy story;
For thee he tore himself from France;
Thou, Freedom, crownedst him with glory,
Forever may thy cause advance,
Forever may thy cause advance;
Oppression's victims here befriending,
We'll stand together, heart and hand,
At one throughout this mighty land,
Our glorious heritage defending!
Beware, freemen, beware,
Forever vigil keep!
Watch well, watch well your heritage;
Lest foes in ambush creep!

And borne upon the tide of symphony,
Wind-wafted, broken snatches smote the ear —
Voices of stalwart island yeomanry:

SONG OF THE ENGLISH

Mother of Liberty,
How oft in vain to thee
The helpless cry;
Thou who on Runnymede
Didst sow the sacred seed,
Ages unborn to feed,
Shall freedom die?

Thou of the sea-girt throne,
Shouldst thou thy past disown,
Thy gold for dross;
Shouldst thou their cry ignore
Who freedom's light implore,
On many a distant shore,
How vast the loss!

Mother of Liberty,
Here thy proud offspring see
In might enthroned!
Freedom, forever young,
Here be thy praises sung
In our loved mother-tongue;
Close kinship owned!

We seek more generous soil
Whereon to spend our toil,
For richer wage;
Under thy new-forged shield
Crave we a wider field,
Precedent there shall yield —
Youth supplant age.

Vainly thy banner flies
Beneath unnumbered skies,
Sway to extend,
While in thine island fair
Gaunt want and pale despair
Thy troubled children bear
. . .

Vain, vain the wealth of mines
That in thy Transvaal shines,
With freedom crushed;
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . .

Through India's vast domain
How seek'st thou sordid gain,
Where Famine rules;
Where ghastly Pestilence
His cohorts doth intrench,
Lest light should drive him hence,
. . .

Mother of Liberty,
Dost thou not joy to see
Thy daughter's might!
Together may ye bear,
Thou and thine offspring fair —
Hushing war's impious blare —
World-conquering light!

Borne on the south wind's balm, soft-toned, there flowed
A song of sorrows vast, a prayer of hope,
Melodiously sung by voices low:

SONG OF THE FREEDMEN

From Ethiopian shores of night,
In terror bound, our fathers came;
For them no glimmer of thy light,
For them but mockery thy name.

Patient they bore the grievous goad,
The cane-brake and the hopeless field;
Their manhood crushed beneath the load —
No refuge found they in thy shield.

Then, moved with pity, thou didst break
Their bonds, and bid their manhood rise;
Thy coming fierce the earth did shake,
Thy lightnings pierced the flaming skies.

For thee they fought, for thee they bled,
The anguish of the past forgave —
By thy glad light may we be led,
O gracious Freedom, strong to save!

Floating above Manchuria's ghastly strife —
Where in re-birth throes fierce to the light
Kindled at Freedom's fane, Asia is locked
In mortal combat with the Occident's
Proud Autocrat and Enemy of Day —
Rises a sound of triumph and a cry
Of consternation, wrung from dire disaster,
While to the home of Freedom in the West
Embassies twain approach. One had put off
Splendor of priceless Oriental robes
Of state emblazoned with the Rising Sun,
And one imperial pomp of heraldry
Gorgeous with emblems of the Autocrat.
Their mission too momentous far, too vast
For vain display. Clothed in simplicity,
On burdened shoulders do the leaders bear
The fate of empires, breathless from the strife.
Peace and war in the balance hang. The world,
Aghast at the earth-shaking conflict stands,
And wearied with the carnage prays surcease,
Surcease from reign of horror and of blood —
Peace begs these titans to be reconciled,
Crying: All men are brothers! cease, oh, cease!

The heavens applaud as Roosevelt leads the way
From war's dark Hell, sheathing a million swords.
And the great Mikado, ever laurel-crowned —
Port Arthur's terror, Liaoyang, vast Mukden,
World-sea-fight of Japan incomparable —
Challenging Christendom with his high act,
Led by the spirit of the Galilean,
Yields to his vanquished foe, for love of humankind.

CRY OF THE VANQUISHED

We fought for glory of the Tzar,
To speed his rule divine afar
Till Asia's vastness, whence we came
In ancient days, should own his name;

The realms of Orient homage pay,
Lord of the myriads of Cathay —
Till Holy Church assume her dower,
Enrobed in universal power.

O Sacred Russia, can it be
That thou in shame must bend the knee,
Thy broken sword must idly rust,
Thine armies moulder in the dust!

Crushed in the grasp of ruthless fate,
In blank despair we breathless wait;
Our land is red with fire and blood,
Our sorrows whelm us like a flood.

The heavens are black, the earth is rent,
In vain our prayers to heaven are sent;
The shadow of impending doom
Has wrapped the empire's throne in gloom.

The waking manhood of the realm
Is grasping for the broken helm;
The people's wrath brooks no delay,
The Autocrat is brought to bay.

Freedom, thy name is in the air,
'Tis "freedom, freedom" everywhere;
Be thou our friend in this dark hour,
Show us the secret of thy power.

In our distress we turn to thee —
Let mercy temper victory;
Ask that the foe our honor spare!
With thee new glory may we share!

SONG OF THE VICTOR.

Hail, Freedom! from the prison-house of Night
Our fathers didst thou lead, and give them light,
Didst send thy son, brave Perry, to our shore,
With thy strong key to open wide the door.
Hail to thy starry firmament, thy hues of morn,
That glowed anew, the while our Rising Sun was born!

As grows the light on Fujiyama's head,
So through the Orient the day shall spread;
As smiles fair Nippon, wreathed in cherry bloom,
So shall the weary Past forget its gloom.
The Lotus unto thee her fragrant greeting sends:
Long may Columbia and the Sunrise Land be friends!

The Son of Heaven, whose virtue lights the world,
Hath unto death his mighty foeman hurled,
Whose navies rust, deep in the yawning main,
Whose bones corrupt Manchuria's reeking plain,
Who would our light extinguish and our freedom blight,
And push us back into the jaws of Night.

The orphan weeps, the widow kneels in pain,
Däi Nippon mourns her martyr-heroes slain;
For thine ideals went they forth to die,
In long procession to the wondering sky,
Where with our ancient dead henceforth in joy they live —
And let Earth too her meed of praise and glory give.

Hail, Freedom! from the field of victory
We come to taste thy hospitality;
To meet, 'neath thy just gaze our vanquished foe,
That Peace may calm the pangs of War's vast woe.
Thou wast of old a generous conqueror, and we
Would emulate thy lofty magnaminity.

THE GIANT MUTTERS IN SLEEP

When the newcomers' cadences had ceased —
Pæan with dirge upon the air commingling —
All save Freedom started at a *voice,*
A voice, portentous, inarticulate,
Muttering in sleep, as 'twere a giant stirred —
Formless and vast, extended league on league,
Dim on the horizon of the Orient —
Disturbed from slumbers immemorial
Since the long story of mankind began,
Seeming to murmur low: If I should wake —
Strange sounds methinks I hear, unknown of old
To gods or men — If I should wake and claim
The hand of common, human brotherhood,
The which they seem to sing — I, eldest brother —
Old ere yon weaklings, demon-bred, were spawned —
If I should wake, would Freedom welcome *me?*
Or must I bid my countless myraids rise —
Turn back the wheels of trade upon their heads —
Shake off the hungry parasites that feed
Upon the Middle Kingdom — drench the world
With blood, to show my might — I, eldest brother —
Master — heir of untold generations —
Unchain the typhoon, Asia's fury loose —
Ere these proud upstarts deign to own me man?
Beware! I dream! — Wake not the Dragon's ire —
If I should wake from sleep — If I should wake —

Then Freedom rose, majestic, standing forth,
Her face irradiate, her welcoming arms
Outstretched in yearning to the multitudes
Fast gathering at her feet from alien shores.
Anon she raised her voice in song, while all
Gave ear unto her. Men forgot old wrongs
And woes, and from afar long hopeless eyes
Kindled with a new light; war's dreadful scourge
And cry were hushed to silence by the charm —
Stilled by her soothing tones of tenderness:

Come hither, children, come,
Welcome, Oh, welcome home
To dwell with me.
Behind you leave your fears,
Your bondage and your tears,
Come and be free!
Behold the feast my hands for you have laid
In this fair home which Freedom's might hath made!

Here lave your wounds with peace,
May feud and envy cease,
Your souls grow strong,
Forgot each petty clan;
My labors are for man,
My travails long.
Come, I will show you where sweet waters flow
And fruits that only in my gardens grow.

The troubled night is past,
The dawning breaks at last,
Behold and sing.
Forget the ancient wrong,
Swell the exultant song,
Manhood is king!
See where my teeming plains with harvests gleam;
See from each cloud-capped range my glory stream!

For me the Fathers wrought,
With foe and famine fought,
The seed to plant;
Now, by their labors blest,
The exiled and oppressed
Their praises chant.
Take heed that ye, departing, leave behind
As noble fruitage as ye joy to find.

With lust of greed and power
Have done! a fairer dower
Is mine. I faint
In that foul atmosphere.
My native breezes clear
Are free from taint.
Beware lest ye my warnings cast away,
And in my wrath I leave you in a day.

No more my torch ye see,
Myself your light will be,
The land to illume.
I live by light alone —
Bane of Oppression's throne,
The tyrant's doom.
Here from each prisoned human soul divine
I strike the fetters. Rise, with me to shine!

INVOCATION

O Thou Eternal Source of Light,
  Who madest man to dwell with Thee,
Protect Thy children by thy might,
  Who from afar have fled to me.

Led hither by Thy generous hand,
  The troubled past they leave behind;
New hope, new life in this fair land,
  Almighty Parent, may they find.

Thou who didst call Creation good,
  When Heaven acclaimed the birth of Time,
Here crown Thy works with Brotherhood,
  Here loose the bonds of every clime.

Dispel the shadows of the night
  That long have bound the sons of time;
In Thy glad light may we see light;
  Show us our destiny sublime!

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